



A

SECOND ELEGY

To the Memory of That Worthy Gentleman

Collonel Thomas Blood

Who departed this life on the 26th of August 1680. With a detection of several Affections thrown upon him by Popish Malice to blast his Memory.

Stand back *Rome's* envious Scriblers, here's no place,
No wounding malice can this Tomb deface;
This everlasting Monument's too great
For all the *Roman* Priests or Imps of Fate,
To level with the dust: These Lawrels bloome
Beyond what Time can wither or consume;
Set by the hands of *Fame* they smile at Death,
Nor fear the blast of any humane breath:
Brave *Bedloe's* Second, one whose courage durst
Dare haughty *Rome*, in spite of her be just.
Though black mouth'd Envy sullies now those bayes,
Which once from her had power to gain the praise
Of valiant, wise, and good; things though most true
In him, yet more than ever *Roman* knew
In he who calls himself the Churches head,
Whose pride aspires on Princes necks to tread.
But is he gone, and has the Fates been kind,
Say, Sir, for by these words we know your mind.
Puny Adorer of the Scarlet Beast,
Fates Darling, who on Blood canst only feast,
Thou art mistook, here thou hast mist thy prey,
This *Blood* shall not thy burning thirst allay;
He's made immortal from thy reach convey'd,
More Happy now than if he'd longer staid
Turmoil'd in cares on Earth; but stay, lets see
If *Rome* owns Merits, death must Sainted be;
Have Incense blaze before his dreadful shrine,
Because he was so lucky for to joyn
With Traytors in their wish, and us bereave
Of those who did the Nations undeceive.
Heroick *Bedloe* first who 'f living yet,
The Priests ne'r durst have peep'd abroad t' ave writ;
But like the *Frogs* before *Jove's* *Stork* have fled,
Whilst his terrifick name had struck such dread
As would have made them left both Beeds and Cools,
And yet for fear lain croaking in their holes.
The next our Warriour, the renowned *Blood*,
Who only liv'd to do his Country good:
In arms grown famous, and in strength compleat,
Yet meek and humble, which pronounc'd him great.
The true Idea of a Heroe just,
In whom the god of War might safely trust,
And leave to him the busines of the field,
So often tryed yet never known to yeild;
But on the Edge of Battle often seen
To drive the Squadrons back, and force between

The Ridges of grim War, whilst with his blade
Amongst a thousand deaths he passage made,
So fierce in arms, that nought his Courage staid:
Then 'tis no wonder, that the testy Rout
Of Treason Brooders, joy his Lamp is out;
For though their game is death they play not fair,
'Tis Massacres they love, but hate a War
Unless with great advantage they can rise,
And the unthinking Innocents surprise,
So glut themselves with humane Sacrifice,
Which shews them base born, Cowards only fit:
With Martyrs blood to fill *Romes* cup, and yet
These are the men that would suppress the Name
Of him recorded in the Book of *Fame*:
He whom to after Ages we translate
The Man that lives in spite of Tyrant Fate.
In Counsels deep, indued with parts divine,
That from his sober mien did brighter shine
Then all the feigned rayes of gold made Saints,
Or Traytors dying Martyrs Crowns they paint:
His words were serious mixt with wit sublime,
True to his Friend in this perfidious time,
Yet envied 'cause his narrow searching eye
Did into *Romes* obscurest secrets pry,
As loath to see his Country quite undone
By those he knew would no dire mischief shun.
His end was pious, for with his last breath,
He pray'd for's Foes, and fearless met grim Death
With open arms not dreading his pale power,
Who one stroke g'n had force to give no more.
Then from his breast th' immortal Soul strait flew
To Heavens bright Regions, bidding Earth adew.

The EPITAPH.

Under this marble Pile, alas, here lies
Great Blood whom Death did unawares surprise,
Mistake not, Reader, though 'tis but his dust,
For his heroick Soul's among the Just,
That could not be contain'd, no Earthly Tomb
Could bound that boundless, or afford it room,
But in immortal dwelling that remains,
Pure intellectual, free from Earthly stains.

FINIS.